JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Two hundred feet from the house the dog paused and sniffed the air. Then, with a yelp, he plunged to the right, made for a rock which showed dim through the snow, and burrowed frantically into a drift on its leeward side. In the white mass Blake saw a dark object, and as he reached the rock it moved. The next instant a bearded face appeared from the folds of a heavy fur overcoat, and a man struggled unsteadily to his feet.

"Can you walk?" shouted Blake, grasping him by the arm.

"I think so," said the stranger, as he grasped the rope. "How far is it?"

"Not far," replied Blake, encouragingly. "Pull on the rope. It will help you."

Once in the cabin, the stranger seated himself near the stove, while Blake produced a flask and heaped fuel on the fire.

"Keep your hands and feet away from the stove, if they are frozen," cautioned Blake.

"I'm not frost-bitten," was the stranger's reply, as he clapped his hands vigorously and pinched his ears. I was completely done for. If you hadn't found me when you did," he said with much feeling, as he extended his hand, "I should never have left there alive!"

At the sound of the man's voice James Blake started and gazed intently at him. When the bearded stranger raised his eyes and offered his hand the recognition was complete.

"John Burt, or I'm a ghost! Don't you know me, John?"

"Jim Blake!"

The New Englander is not demonstrative in his emotions or affections, but the joy which danced in the eyes of these reunited friends as they shook hands and slapped each other

THE NEXT INSTANT A BEARDED FACE APPEARED FROM THE FOLDS OF A HEAVY FUR OVERCOAT

on the back was more eloquent than words.

"This seems too good to be true, Jim!" exclaimed John, his hand on Jim's shoulder. "But for you, old chum, my California experience would have been ended. How small the world is, that we should meet here, of all places on earth!"

"Take off your clothes and get into bed, John," directed Blake, as he pushed John into a chair and tugged at his frozen boots. "Do as I tell you and you'll be all right. Lie quiet and rest. Don't talk, but keep awake."

Several times, during the next two hours, John fell into a drowse, but by force of will he roused himself. The reaction after the awful struggle in the drifts was severe, but he mastered it and was himself again. Blake exhausted the resources of his larder in a dinner, which John enjoyed as never before in his life, and Dog did not go hungry.

Then pipes were produced, and, seated near the red-hot stove, the two friends recounted some of the events which had marked their lives during the preceding six years. It seemed ages to both of them. The striplings of seventeen were now stalwart men.

Blake listened eagerly to his friend's recital of the events leading up to the quarrel with Arthur Morris. Jim clenched his hands and leaned excitedly forward when John told of the struggle with Morris in the tavern.

"I have sometimes thought," said John, "that I should have remained and faced the charge of murder which might have been made against me. That was my first impulse. I did not kill Morris, and it is only by chance that he did not kill me. The revolver was still in his hand when he fell, though I had bent his wrist so that he could not turn it against me. It was one of those new self-cocking weapons and Morris shot himself. But I had no witnesses, and Grandfather Burt and—and others advised me to put myself beyond the reach of a prosecution in which all the money and influence would have been against me. But tell me of yourself, Jim. What have you done in California, and what has the Golden State done for you?"

"It would take me a week, John, to tell my experiences of the last five years," said Jim Blake, tossing another log into the fire. "Most of them would not interest you, some might amuse you, and others would make you mad. I've been rich three times, John, and in love twice—no, three times."

"How rich, and how badly in love?"

"My strokes of fortune and my love affairs are all jumbled together," explained Blake, laughing heartily. "You'll have a bad opinion of me, John, but I've reformed and am going to lead a better life. I made my first strike on the Little Calaveras. Talk about luck! That was a funny thing. I broke my neck and discovered a gold mine and a sweetheart in doing it!"

"Broke your neck? Surely you're jesting!"

"It's a fact, just the same," asserted Blake, thoughtfully rubbing the back of his neck, which showed no signs of fracture. "I was a greenhorn then, and my prospecting expeditions were the joke of the old stagers. I bought a horse and a Mexican saddle and prowled through all the mountains and foothills back of the Little Calaveras. One afternoon I was following a trail that skirted along the side of a mountain. There's a lot of woodchucks in those hills, and in burrowing around one of them loosened a rock, which came rolling down in my direction. My horse saw and heard it, and shied off the trail. He slid about twenty feet and then fell, and as he went my right foot went through the stirrup. He rolled over me, and we started down the slope. Sometimes I was on top, and sometimes he was on top.

"Four or five hundred feet below I saw a thin row of trees, and I knew they marked the edge of a cliff. For some reason there's most always a fringe of trees at these jumping off places. We were going like lightning. Just as we neared the edge the horse rolled over we again. As I came on top I saw that we were going to pass between two small trees. A big rock slewed the horse around, and he went down head first. I grabbed at a tree, and by the merest chance threw my free leg around it. I held like grim death to a coon, and heard the leather snap as the horse went over the precipice. If it had been a first-class saddle I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. I was hanging down over the cliff. It was eighteen hundred feet deep to the first stopping place, and I saw that horse, all spraddled out, turn over and over in the air. I closed my eyes so as not to see him strike. Then I crawled back a few feet and sat down behind a rock. That's the last thing I remember until I woke up in bed. An old doctor, whose breath smelled of liquor, was bending over me, and near him was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She and her father were approaching me when I started to slide down the mountain. Her name was Jenny Rogers."

Jim sighed and paused.

"This is growing romantic, but how about the broken neck?" asked John.

"It was broken, or dislocated, which is about the same thing," continued Blake. "Jenny's father knew of an old Spanish doctor, about forty miles away, and went for him. He was a wonder on bones. He was black as an Indian and uglier than sin. He felt around my neck, swore softly in Spanish, rolled me over on my face, climbed on my back, jabbed his knees into my shoulder blades, and grabbed me by the jaws. He gave my head a quick wrench. I saw a thousand skyrockets; something cracked and I became senseless. When I awoke he had my neck in splints, and was jabbering Spanish to Rogers. He said he was the only white man in the world who could set a broken neck, and I guess he was. He had learned the trick from an Indian medicine man. He charged me twenty-five dollars, and told me to lie quiet for a week. Jenny Rogers nursed me, and of course I fell in love with her. I was in their cabin, and near by Mr. Rogers had located some valuable claims.

"Here is the most remarkable part of this story," Blake went on. "When I was able to dress I picked up that cursed Mexican stirrup to see how the leather happened to break. It was a steel affair, and I noticed some bright yellow spots in the crevices. Blamed if it wasn't gold! I didn't say a word, but when I was strong enough I went back and climbed slowly down the place where my horse fell. It was easy to follow it. Near the edge of the cliff I found an outcropping of gold-bearing ore, and the mark of where the metal part of my stirrup had scratched it. I staked out a claim and sold it to Jenny's father for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. He's made two millions out of it. I made love to Jenny, and I think she would have had me, but I went to San Francisco and dropped the hundred and twenty-five thousand on the mining exchange. I went back and asked Jenny to wait until I made another fortune. She said she'd think about it. I guess she did. A year later she married a man who is now a United States Senator. So I broke my neck, lost my fortune and my sweetheart all in less than a year."

"And what have you now?"

"This mountain chateau," replied Blake, with a lordly sweep of his arm, "and a hole in the ground back of it. Then I have a fine view of the valley, a good appetite, a slumbering conscience, and—and Dog, here, who never upbraids me for being seven kinds of a fool.

John told the story of the dying sailor and his map, and read an extract from Peter Burt's letter. Then he produced the map, and they spread it out on the table and examined it by the light of the lantern.

"I followed the trail all right," explained John, "until the storm set in, and then I had to feel my way. Before I lost my bearings I was about two miles from the point where this sailor claims to have found gold. I kept near the edge of the cliff until I could go no further, and then curled up behind that rock in the hope that the storm would cease."

Blake studied the map with growing interest and excitement. With a splinter from a log as a marker he traced the trail.

"I know every foot of it!" he exclaimed, resting the point of the splinter on a round spot on the map. "Here is Fisher's Lake. You came that far by stage. Here is the creek which you follow for seven miles until you come to the old Wormley trail. You take that to the cliffs, and go along the cliffs until you cross four brooks and come to the fifth one. You were within a hundred yards of that fifth stream, John. Now let's see the key to this thing."

John handed him the letter.

"'From the east face of the square rock, on the north bank of the brook, at the edge of the cliff,'" read Blake. "I know the rock well. Let's see. 'Thence east along the bank of the brook in a straight line four hundred and twenty-two feet, and then north at right angles, sixty-seven feet to the base of the tallest pine in the neighborhood.'"

Blake rushed to the door, forgetful of the storm, to verify his suspicions. He pushed it open an inch, but a solid bank of snow blocked the way.

"Where do you suppose the base of that pine tree is?" he demanded. Without waiting for a reply he found a hatchet and tapped the clay floor until he located a spot which gave a deadened sound. Then he chopped away a few inches of packed dirt and sank the blade into a solid substance.

"There's the base of the big pine tree described by your dead sailor, and I'll bet my life on it," he shouted. And here are sections of the tree," he continued, pointing to the logs which formed the foundation of the cabin. "I'm dead sure of it, John. It's about a hundred and forty yards from here to the edge of the cliff. I know, for I measured it. And its about twenty yards to the brook. What is more conclusive, this was by far the largest tree anywhere around. That's why I located the cabin here. Let's see what comes next!" His eyes glistened with excitement.

The instructions were to measure three hundred and eighteen feet north from the base of the tree and thence east to a carefully described rock, which Blake remembered. This was the base of the incline. Within a hundred yards of this rock the key located three gold-bearing quartz ledges.

(To be continued.)

HAD BEEN CHASING RABBITS.

Naturally Dreamer Had Not Enjoyed His Sleep.

"A man down in my country," said Representative Clayton of Alabama, "saw a dog sleeping in the sun. The dog was twitching and starting as dogs sometimes do in their sleep. The man said, 'I'd like to know what that dog is dreaming about.'

"'Easy enough,' replied an old chap who stood by. 'You just put a chip on that dog's ear and leave it there until he wakes up. Then you take that chip and put it on your chest when you go to bed to-night and you will dream of what the dog is dreaming of now.'

"The fellow got a chip and put it on the dog's ear and stood around until the dog waked up and brushed it off. He put the chip on his chest when he went to bed that night. Next morning I saw him coming listlessly down the street.

"'What's the matter?' I said. 'What was the dog dreaming about?'

"'Oh,' he answered, 'I'm clean tuckered out. I was chasing rabibts all night long.'"

Public to Own Telephones.

It has been announced that the British postoffice propose to exercise its right to buy out the Great National Telephone Company at the end of the present year. This action by the government is the first step toward breaking up the monopoly which has shackled and curbed the development of telephones in the United Kingdom. With low rates and quick service the public will be provided with a system such as has heretofore been undreamed of. The postoffice has already provided a system for a great part of London at a charge less than $40, for 90 per cent of its subscribers.

THE NEWS RESUME

Being a Condensed Story of the News of the Week.

London is in the throes of an epidemic of influenza, as a result of recent bad weather.

The Japanese are charged with horrible mutilation of the bodies of the slain at Vafangow.

Chillicothe, Mo., Justice of the Peace proposes to enlist in the army and give up his judicial position.

Gen. Kuropatkin is assembling his forces at Hai-Cheng, where the next great battle is expected.

National Eclectic Medical Association scored city officials on manner which they treat pneumonia.

Santos-Dumont arrives at New York with airship No. 7 to contest for World's Fair $100,000 prize.

More than 300 persons were injured by fireworks at Boston during a noisy celebration of Bunker Hill day.

American Minister to the Balkan States says outlook for peace between Turkey and Bulgaria is bright.

A whole Japanese regiment is said to have gone down on the Hitachi, which was sunk by the Russians.

Cardinal Gibbons opposes the plan of Pope Pius X to exclude female voices from Catholic church choirs.

St. Louis citizens who have received strange letters from Spain relating to fortunes believe writers are swindlers.

A New York firm files articles of incorporation for the construction of a tunnel under East River to cost $1,000,000.

Dr. Charles A. Ellwood of the Missouri State University says Missouri jails are generally modern, but are insecure.

An Oklahoma banker who committed suicide in the jail at Dallas, Tex., left minute directions for the burial of his body.

Louis Gregory, who killed a Kansas City, Kan., white High School pupil, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

The commission appointed to investigate the killing of Louis Etzel reports that he was fired upon by the Chinese without cause.

At St. Petersburg a dispatch is received stating that the Japanese attacked Port Arthur, but were repulsed with heavy losses.

Gov. Lanham of Texas issues a warning to be unusually careful regarding sanitary conditions this year, lest yellow fever appear.

A report is current at Chefoo that the Japanese captured an inner fort at Port Arthur after an attack in which they lost 1,000 men.

Portland Mining Company of Colorado files a damage suit of $100,000 against Gov. Peabody and Gen. Bell for closing down the plant.

Hector Fuller, a war correspondent from Indianapolis, who was reported to have disappeared, was arrested by Russians and imprisoned at Port Arthur.

France is extremely agitated over the allegation of Premier Combes that an attempt was made to bribe him in the interests of the monks of the Grand Chartreuse.

The Empress of Germany is extremely cordial in her reception of delegates to the Internation Congress of Women, paying special attentions to Miss Susan B. Anthony.

Texas railroad officials are so much concerned over the danger to the growing cotton that they have issued a circular urging farmers to fight the boll weevil diligently.

An acrimonious discussion of the Philippines problem occurred at a banquet in New York attended by Secretary Root and President Schurman of Cornell University.

Four boys are killed by lightning near Chester, Pa.

The Colorado militia interferes with the relief work at Cripple Creek of the families of the deported men. Instructions are given out that all aid must be given through the military.

Sheriff G. D. Harris was shot and killed on a train near Fall Creek, Wis., by a man he had placed under arrest on a charge of burglary. The man escaped, and posses are in pursuit.

Lord Dundonald, late commander of the militia of Canada, who was dismissed for insubordination, declares that the policy pursued by the ministry has made Canada a "fool's paradise."

President Loubet of France decorates Ambassador Porter of the United States, presenting him with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The honor cannot be accepted until approved by act of Congress.

In all five Japanese ships are reported sunk by the raid of the Russian Vladivostok squadron. Gen. Kuropatkin has dispatched two divisions to the relief of Gen. Stakelberg, who was defeated at Vafangow.

The result of the assassination of Gov. Bobrikoff of Finland is feared by the conservatives of Finland, as it may lead to Russian oppression.

President Roosevelt and his family attended the marriage of his cousin at Hyde Park, N. Y., Miss Alice Roosevelt was one of the bridesmaids.

The latest Russian estimate of their dead in the battle of Vafangow is 1,000 men and 20 officers. An eye witness to the battle says that the Tassa river flows red with blood, and that the whole valley was covered by the bodies of the dead.

INDEPENDENCE DAY 1904

WASHINGTON AND THE AMERICAN FLAG

BY REV. F. P. DUFFY, M. D.

Secretary of the American Church Bible Institute

It is universally admitted that as a patriot George Washington stands without a rival in the annals of the world. It is not, however, so generally allowed that as a military genius he transcends all others. Americans and his admirers the world over might well rest content with beholding their ideal citizen acclaimed with universal consent the unique figure in the annals of human weal, industry and peace. Yet I do not think it would be hard to show that even in military genius he is still without a peer.

But the arts of peace, not war, is our theme, and we shall therefore leave the question of military genius to a more convenient season and address ourselves to the subject in hand: Washington and the American flag. This naturally falls under the threefold head—Washington's Ancestry, the Evolution of the Flag, and the Symbolism of the Flag."

First, Washington's Ancestry. As far as historical research has yet reached back, Washington's ancestry has been located in Durham, in the north of England. From Durham some of the Washingtons migrated to Lancashire. Then we find them settling in Northamptonshire, in the reign of Henry VII. From Northampton the great-grandfather of Washington emigrated to America in or about the year 1657. The pursuits followed by the Washingtons may be summed up under the church, the army, the law and the farm. It is around this last that the most interesting and romantic incidents of the family gather, and Northampton is the scene of the varying vicissitudes that culminated in the emigration of Lawrence Washington to Virginia.

For three generations the Washingtons lived in Northampton, taking rank with the gentry of the county, and there they made more than one alliance with the nobility. Lawrence appears to have been a family name among the Washingtons. The uncle of the first historical Lawrence was Sir Thomas Kitson, one of the great merchants who in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., developed the wool trade of England.

Althorp, in Brington parish, was the seat of the Spencers, and the Spencers were connected by marriage with the Kitsons, and therefore with the Washingtons. Lady Spencer of that day was a Kitson, a daughter of Washington's uncle, and therefore first cousin to Lawrence. But the rector of Brington, the Rev. Dr. Leyton became, through the Spencers a friend of Lawrence, and as Dr. Leyton was Cromwell's prime commissioner for the dissolution of the monasteries, he had it in his power to help his friends. And he did help Lawrence Washington by the grant of Sulgrave in Northampton, where the Washingtons lived for three generations. Lawrence was interested in civic matters as well as rural, and became for a time the mayor of Northampton. At the end of the third generation the Washingtons failed, so they sold Sulgrave and went to live in Brington. Here the eldest son married a half sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

The Washingtons sided with the King (Charles I.) in the civil war, and one of them, Sir Henry, attained great distinction for his dash and bravery in his operations against the Cromwellians. He led the storming party at Bristol and it was he who so gallantly defended Worcester. His bravery was such that an expression of his became proverbial in the army. When any great difficulty arose it was customary to say, "Away with it! quoth Washington."

The emigrant, who was knighted by James I., spent his younger days in Brington. In the parish church there are two sepulchral stones of absorbing interest to every American. One with the date 1616 is over the grave of the emigrant's father. On it appears his arms "impaled" with those of his wife. The second covers the grave of an uncle, and has on a brass a simple family shield with the extraneous crescent appropriate to a younger son. But that which is of transcendant interest to very American citizen is that here on the tombstone of the dead are emblazoned emblems sacred to a great nation and which thrill the soul of a mighty people; the embryo of the National Flag—the Stars and Stripes. The stars on the shield have this peculiarity, they are five pointed, whereas six points are the general characteristic of heraldic stars. On the coat of arms are three stars and two horizontal bars or zones with "alternate gules and white"—gules being the word in heraldry for red—in a vertical position. Here we discover the nucleus, the fons et origo, of the American Flag.

Three years ago, when spending a lengthened vacation in England, I had charge of a parish not far from Brington. It was a source of never failing gratification to visit "God's Acre," to stand close to the ashes of the dead, to meditate upon the origin of the American Flag, to delight in the discovery of the hidden meaning of its symbolism, and oft to quote the opening lines of Cowper's hymn:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

Second, The Evolution of the Flag. In colonial times each colony had its own peculiar ensign, and both army and navy of the United Colonies displayed various flags. Some were colonial, others were regimental, and still others were for special occasions. That at Fort Sullivan, Charleston harbor, was a blue field with a silver crescent. The ensign under which the battle of Bunker Hill was fought was the New England flag. The flag of an American cruiser is thus described by the London Chronicle of January, 1776:

"The field is white bunting; on the middle is a green pine tree; and on the opposite side is the motto, "Appeal to heaven." The flag of the Culpepper men, who marched with Patrick Henry, had a rattlesnake, coiled ready to strike, with the words, "Don't tread on me."

The first American flag havng thirteen alternate red and white stripes upon it, there is good reason to believe was presented to the Philadelphia Light Horse by Captain Markoe, early in 1775. The earliest naval flag showed thirteen alternate red and white stripes with either a pine tree or rattlesnake, with the words "Don't tread on me." The union flag raised a Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1776, had thirteen alternate red and white stripes with the English union in one corner.

When the necessity for a national flag made itself felt the Congress of June 14, 1777 resolved; That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field representing a new constellation." The first display of this flag at a military post was at Fort Schuyler, site of the present city of Rome, N. Y. Paul Jones claimed he was the first to show the stars and stripes on a naval vessel. The national flag first appeared over a foreign stronghold, Fort Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands, on its capture, June 28, 1778. Capt. Mooers of the whaling ship Bedford, first flew

Washington on the Battlefield of Trenton.

the flag in Great Britain, Feb. 3, 1783. At length a committee was appointed to definitely fix the national standard. This committee called in Capt. Samuel C. Reid of the privateer Armstrong, to devise a new flag. He retained the original thirteen stripes and the blue ground of the union, but added a star for every state, and this has been the device of the flag ever since. On the admission of a territory as a new state, a new star is added to the field of the National flag. In 1901 there were forty-five stars.

Third, The Symbolism of the Flag. In the Bible there are certain numbers and emblems to which a sacred character is attached. These are significant in the Christian as they were in the Mosaic and the Edenic dispensations. In the flag there are numbers and emblems apparently unconsciously adopted. It is remarkable that the numbers and emblems of the Bible and the flag are the same. Yet we cannot for a moment think that the designers of the flag consciously selected these numbers and emblems because of their sacred character; or knew that they were sacred at all, from which we are shut up to the conclusion that the choice was made under a controlling providence.

To begin with: The flag as a whole represents unity. In itself this is nothing extraordinary. But then unity, or One, is of a sacred nature. Thirteen is popularly considered to be an unlucky number. But the nation and the flag belie this superstition. The original United States were thirteen, and the original national flag had thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. This alone would stamp the flag as providential. But then the alternate stripes were seven red and six white; and both numbers are sacred. Let us deal with the seven red stripes first. Look at your flag, and you will find that the long stripes are three in number and the short stripes four. Why are they so divided? Why not five and two? The answer is: Because three is a sacred number, and next to one is the most significant, and four is a sacred number also. One represents the unity of the Godhead, and three the Threefold personality of the Deity. Unity and Trinity, or 1 plus 3 equal 4, and four in symbolic numbers represents completion or perfection. Four is unique in its comprehensiveness. Thus we speak of the four quarters of the globe, the four cardinal points, the four seasons of the year, the four winds of heaven, and in Biblical imagery the four Living Creatures, the four Judgments of God, etc. But three and four make seven, another sacred number. In the Book of Revelation we read of the Seven Candlesticks, the Seven Seals, the Seven Trumpets, the Seven Stars, the Seven Spirits of God, etc. Then the six white stripes are doubly symbolical. First, six is a sacred number, being a double triad, or Trinity twice repeated, the emphatic trine and second, white is a unity composed of seven, as white light is composed of the seven prismatic rays which consist of three primary and four secondary, a remarkable correspondence to the three long and the four short red stripes of the flag. But these two, six and seven, make another sacred number, thirteen. The sacredness of thirteen is intensified by looking at it it another way. Three and four multiplied together produce twleve, another sacred number, as the twelve tribes, the twelve Apostles, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and such like. But twelve and one make thirteen. There is something more than remarkable in the sacred numbers of the flag that culminate in twelve. They are: 1+3+4+6+7+12= 33, the exact number of years that Christ lived on the earth, and the exact average of human life upon the earth, and the exact number of years in luni-solar cycles of time. Is all this mere chance work?

But this is not all. The colors are sacred also. When God would give outward expression to the mystic symbolism of Religion He was careful to express the colors of His choice. "Blue and purple and scarlet and fine turned linen"—the colors of the American flag—red, white and blue. Red is the sign of redemption, blue of heaven, white of purity and peace. When the civilized world would symbolize mercy, it could only think of a red cross on a white ground—two of the flag's colors, and that sign will touch the hearts of enraged combatants, Christian and pagan, now engaged in deadliest strife, for where it flies there is "holy ground."

The Star, too, is a sacred figure. It is a scriptural sign, a prophetic symbol, an apocalyptic emblem. The Star sang creation's hymn the first Sabbath morn; spoke to the Father of the Faithful from the midnight sky, and heralded the Prince of Peace standing above the Bethlehem hills. Can a flag so instinct with heaven's emblems, and pulsating to every breath of breeze or blast of storm, with holy sign and sacred symbol, have come by chance? Believe it who may, an American can never!

Ravenswood, Chicago, Ill.